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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

HOPE.

Hope is an anxious, craving dream,
And fingers here until the beam
Of life shall fade away;
And in the shining sands that gleam
Along life's treacherous, bounding stream,
We trace her name to-day.

How oft upon life's sandy shore
Libations sweet to Hope we pour,
Expecting much to gain;
They sink in sound, are seen no more,
Our moment's dream of bliss is o'er,
Till charmed by hope again.

How lightly will Hope's morning dreams
Leave us when life's noonday beams
Upon our heads shall fall;
'Tis her bright dream alone that deems
That future life with riches teems
And strives to grasp them all.

Though chilled by storms of changing life
And wounded by the darts of strife,
On lowly cot she lies;
Though tyrants rage and fate should mock,
She will recover from the shock,
And not entirely die.

Her star still guides the sailor's eye
And sweetly soothes the maiden's sigh,
And binds them soul to soul;
A something in the human breast
That will not sleep, that cannot rest,
Nor yield to fate's control.

Upon life's path it is the light
That guides each traveler aright,
To every soul 'tis given;
It is the Christian's life divine,
And on his path will ever shine
To guide him home to heaven.
—J. Walter Henry in New York Clipper.

STORY TELLER.

FIGHT WITH BURGLARS.

Twice in my life I have been placed in positions that served to "harrow up my soul, freeze my young blood," and turned my hair as gray as a rat's before my fortieth birthday.

I had been hired, when a small lad, as an under clerk or apprentice in a wholesale hardware store in New York. After several years' service, during which I gained a good practical knowledge of the business and gradual promotion, I became the head salesman and enjoyed the fullest confidence of my employers.

I was nearly 20 years of age when the adventure which I am about to relate occurred. The work of my early apprenticeship had enlarged and strengthened my muscular system, my health was at its best and as I had never been exposed to peril I knew but little of the sensation of fear.

For many years I had slept alone in the store. Every evening the doors and windows in the rear were protected with heavy iron shutters, swung from outside and strongly barred and bolted inside; the hatchways leading to the cellar and second floor were securely covered and fastened; one of the massive wooden front doors was bolted at the top and bottom, while the other was only carefully locked, and the key was seldom removed.

My bed occupied a corner of the counting room, midway between the front and rear of the store. Upon retiring I always turned off all the gas, for, if necessary, I could, from long familiarity with the store and its contents, make my way safely about all parts of it in the most profound darkness.

In all my mercantile life the premises had never been beset by burglars, and, indeed, the store was so carefully closed and guarded against intruders that it was deemed invulnerable.

One night I was suddenly awakened by some noise that seemed to come from outside of the store. As I raised myself in bed to listen, I heard a neighboring city clock strike two. When its vibration ceased I felt sure that something was wrong at the front door. There seemed to be a saw and other sharp implements in operation. Thus impressed I quietly arose, dressed and made my way in the dark to the front.

Listening for a few seconds, I could hear faint whispers, and then the sound of a small saw. Then I knew that burglars were cutting a hole in the door in order that the key might be reached and turned. From marks discovered on the key, during a subsequent examination, it was evident that they had tried to turn it with nippers, but it was too cumbersome, and the effort had been abandoned.

I could have frightened away the intruders by making a noise and lighting the gas, but I wished, if possible, to thwart their purpose in another manner, and capture one of the marauders. With this intention I cautiously crept to a package of stout bed cords, one of which I seized, and returned to the door. In the end of the cord I made an easy running noose, and strongly fastened the bight to the leg of a neighbouring

counter that supported heavy boxes of tin plate.

Then I carefully held the noose around the place where the burglars were cutting the hole. After waiting a few minutes, I heard them remove the piece of wood which they had sawed out. The light of a bull's-eye lantern flashed for an instant at the aperture, sufficiently to reveal its outline and enable me to adjust the noose. Then a man's arm was thrust through the hole.

This was the opportunity for which I had waited. A quick and vigorous movement drew the noose tightly around the fellow's wrist, and then I hauled on the cord with all my strength until I had pulled the arm through the hole as far as I could, notwithstanding the opposition manifested by its owner.

There was no noise, although the fellow was undoubtedly in great pain; and when I had firmly secured the cord to the counter I felt along it until I touched the arm, and found that had been forced through the opening almost to the shoulder.

I was not in the least frightened. I had one of the burglars a prisoner, and I knew that the others would not long remain with him. On the whole I was rather pleasantly excited and quite exultant over my success.

Slipping on my shoes, I lighted three or four gas jets, unfastened a back door and shouted down the alley for a policeman. As soon as he came I let him inside of the store, and then we began to reconnoiter and ascertain the status of affairs at the front. The arm was still there, of course—I should have been exceedingly astonished if it had disappeared. The cord was tightly drawn around the wrist and the hand was black, owing to stoppage of the circulation of the blood.

The policeman then returned to the alley and made his way to the front, picking up another officer on the street to assist him. Presently I heard them shouting to me that the burglar was dead; that his companions, finding it impossible to release him and fearful that he would expose them to the authorities, had cut his throat from ear to ear.

I was young and unused to dreadful acts like this, and the unexpected denouement not only astonished me, but so shocked my nerves that I nearly fainted. The return of the policeman to aid me in loosening the arm and open the front door patially restored me; but after the dead burglar had been removed and the doors were securely refastened, I could do nothing but walk the floor in great nervous distress, until it was time to open the store for business in the morning.

Then, when the clerks arrived, and I had related my adventure to them, I was fain to go home, and avoid the excitement that I knew would distract me, if I remained to answer the thousand questions that would be asked of me.

I had only one satisfaction, but it was one, that a lad of my age could thoroughly enjoy, I was a hero. The police, the press and the public freely expressed their admiration for the coolness and bravery I had manifested in capturing the burglar, and the sympathy and hearty congratulations of personal friends soon restored me to comparative quietude.

But, best of all, was the kind consideration which I received from my employers. They were very profuse in the expressions of their esteem. They sent for the policeman who assisted me, and he told the story of the burglary in such a manner as to give me the sole credit of the capture.

The result was a magnificent gift and a fortnight's leave of absence to recruit my shaken nerves.

Two years later I was sent to Savannah, Ga., by my employers to open and manage a branch store in that city.

I was yet unmarried. The store had a bedroom in the rear adjoining the office, and there I lodged. In it was one large window which opened upon an alley, as did also the rear door of the store in the adjoining entry.

At night all the doors were locked and barred. The bedroom window had a tight, heavy, outside shutter, made of boards and battened, which I could close and fasten inside. The window sill, with its broad ledge was fully four feet above the floor.

One moonlight night, when I had been established in business for several months, the weather being very warm. I left the shutter unclosed and lowered the top sash a few inches to admit fresh air. I had not been disturbed by nocturnal intruders since

my arrival, and had, owing to the heat, become quite careless. Besides, I kept within reach from my bed a formidable bowie knife.

About midnight I awoke. The room was dark, although the moon was shining brightly. A slight noise attracted my attention to the window, and there I saw a stalwart fellow endeavoring to pry open the lower sash with a chisel, and knew that in a very few minutes he would effect an entrance. With a gun or pistol I could have killed him without rising, but as I had no weapon except the bowie knife, I had to decide instantly upon the method of thwarting his purpose, for I felt that if he once gained admittance he would kill me if he could.

Getting out of bed into a dim corner as quietly as possible, and armed with the bowie knife, I crept along the wall on my hands and knees until I was fairly under the ledge of the window sill. Then I carefully rested on one knee and prepared for an attack. I had no sooner done so than the lower sash yielded and was carefully raised and wedged with the chisel. Then I heard the fellow clambering in. As he gained the sill, bare-footed, he paused an instant to reconnoitre, and lightly leaped into the room.

This was the most critical moment I had experienced. As he sprang from the ledge I suddenly rose and plunged the bowie knife into his breast, and he fell dead, prostrating me with the force of his fall. In a second I was up again and looking out the window to discover his confederate, if he had one, but all was quiet in the alley, and no one was visible.

As I turned to light a lamp and gain a better idea of the position, I felt the warm blood of the burglar lavying my feet. There he lay, as dead as Julius Cæsar, a big, burly negro, holding in his stiffened grasp a bowie knife much larger than mine, and I was very, very thankful that he had found no opportunity to use it upon me.

I dressed myself hurriedly, with a nervous tremor that I had not noticed until then, and hastened to open the front door of the store. The street was bathed in moonlight and midnight silence was over all. Again and again I shouted the name of the patrolman on that beat, with whom I had an intimate acquaintance, and in a few minutes he came, running and quite excited by the novelty of being wanted.

After a brief relation of my adventure and a closer examination of the dead burglar, the guardian of the night identified him as an old offender, a desperate villain well known to the police.

More officers were speedily called in, and the body, with the negro's bowie knife and chisel, was removed. I spent an unquiet hour, trembling with nervous excitement in washing the floor and closed the shutter and window. Then I walked the floor another hour to soothe my rebellious nerves, and then I went to bed and slept the sleep of the just until daylight.

This was my last encounter with a burglar. The sport is too exciting for frequent indulgence or for enjoyment.

I may say, in conclusion, that this adventure paved the way for my entrance into the firm as a partner. My "pluck," and possibly a serviceable supply of assurance, besides my constant fidelity to the interests of the business, served me in lieu of capital.—*Mat Hawthorn in Chicago Journal.*

TRAVELLING MEN.

There are about 80,000 commercial travellers in the United States and each one of them spends on an average \$3,000 a year, making a total of \$240,000,000. If you add to this their salaries, averaging at least \$1,000, you have a total expenditure by commercial travellers of \$320,000,000 a year. This is naturally spent in all parts of the country, but the hotels and railroads get the lion's share of it. During the last ten years there has been a great change in the character of the commercial traveller. The old Bohemian type has almost disappeared from the road, and drinking men are much more rarely met with than formerly.

A short time ago it was almost impossible to "take a look at your samples" without first getting him to leave his store on the pretext of getting a "smile." That is all changed now; the customers don't look for it, and the drummer seldom gives it a thought.

A Remarkable Volcano.

The city of San Salvador, the capital of the smallest and most populous Central America republic, was founded in 1528. It has been three times almost entirely and eleven times partially destroyed by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. It is eighteen miles from the sea coast, has an elevation of 2,800 feet, and is surrounded by a group of volcanoes, two of which are active, San Miguel and Izalco, and present a magnificent display to the passengers of steamers sailing along the coast, constantly discharging masses of lava, which flows down their sides in blazing torrents.

Izalco is as regular as a clock, the eruption occurring like the beating of a mighty pulse, every seven minutes. It is impossible to conceive of a grander spectacle than this monster, rising 7,000 feet almost directly from the sea, an immense volume of smoke, like a plume, continually pouring out of its summit and broken with such regularity by masses flame rising 1,000 feet, that it has been named El Faro del Salvador—the Lighthouse of Salvador. It is in many respects the most remarkable volcano in the world, because its discharges have continued so long and with such regularity, and because the tumult in the earth's bowels is always to be heard. Its explosions are constant, and are audible a hundred miles off. It is the only volcano that has originated on this continent since the discovery by Columbus. It arose from the plain in the spring of 1770 in the midst of what had been for nearly a hundred years a magnificent coffee and indigo plantation.—*Guatemala Star.*

Quartz Dust Consumption.

A local physician says the prevalence here of coughs, hoarseness and phlegm expectoration is not produced from taking cold, but from inhaling fine particles of quartz dust, with which the air has been filled for several months. These particles are carried into the lungs and throat and causes irritation, and the frequent coughing is the ineffectual effort of nature to rid the system of the foreign particles. The physician further stated that constant inhaling of this quartz dust will produce symptoms almost identical with and more speedily fatal than hereditary consumption. He cited the well known fact that the fatality among miners employed in the Crown Point and Belcher is due to the upper levels of these mines being constantly filled with quartz dust, which has played havoc with the young men employed there during the past five years. The doctor referred to christened the disease "quartz dust consumption," and says the only remedy for it is to emigrate to moister climates like Oregon or Washington Territory, or locate "on sands that are salt from the kiss of the sea." The preventive is to keep the streets thoroughly wet down and to cease ballasting them with quartz.—*Virginia (New) Chronicle.*

Religious Gleanings.

It is proposed to hold another general missionary conference at Shanghai in 1890.

The statistics of the Upper Iowa Methodist conference show 1,756 probationers, 23,271 members, 128 local preachers, 261 churches, valued at \$862,394, and 126 parsonages, valued at \$161,065.

The president of the Connecticut Y. P. S. C. E. union recently defined a model prayer meeting thus: "Held by anybody, carried on by everybody, monopolized by nobody, making every one present a somebody."

A little over half a century ago the Lutheran church of America numbered less than 200 pastors and only 900 congregations. Now it numbers about 4,200 pastors, 7,400 congregations and 1,000,000 communicants.

The Waldensian church in Italy, which has been in existence for nearly 700 years, has 37 pastors and employs 85 men and women as evangelists, Bible readers, teachers, etc., of whom 52 are converts from Catholicism.

In the German (Iowa) Lutheran synod, during the past two years, \$47,000 have been contributed by the churches to carry on their various educational and mission projects. This synod also supports 219 congregational schools.

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, who recently retired from the ministry, has taken out a working card with Typographical society No. 103, of Newark, N. J., and will probably return to the case, at which he spent his early life.

The "Christian" denomination is developing a commendable interest in missionary work. There were contributed last year for home missionary work \$133,299, for foreign missionary work \$40,559, and besides these sums the woman's board expended \$24,542 in home and foreign fields.

The Romish church in Quebec receives on the average annually from the people of that province the enormous sum of \$8,000,000. She owns 900 churches, valued at \$37,000,000; 900 parsonages, along with the palaces of the cardinals, archbishops and bishops, valued at \$9,000,000; 12 seminaries, worth \$600,000; 17 classical colleges, \$850,000; 259 boarding schools and academies, \$6,000,000; 200 convents, \$4,000,000; 68 hospitals, \$4,000,000—a total of \$61,210,000.

Wouldn't Be Outdone.

Another story which Gen. Sheridan was fond of telling at the dinner table, after the coffee had been served and the ladies had retired, went somewhat like this, I am told:

There was a zealous chaplain of the Army of the Potomac, who had called on a colonel, noted for his profanity, to talk of the religious interests of his men. After having been politely motioned to a seat on the chest, the chaplain began:

"Colonel, you have one of the finest regiments in the army."

"I believe so," said the colonel in reply. "Do you think," pursued the chaplain, "that you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?"

"A lively interest has been awakened in the—Massachusetts," the parson went on to say. "The Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten have already been baptized."

"Is that so?" excitedly cried the colonel, and then turning to the attendant, added: "Sergeant major, have fifteen men detailed immediately for baptism; I'll be blanketed if I'll be outdone by any Massachusetts regiment."

Painting a Camel.

An elephant once played an amusing trick upon a camel, which was its neighbor in a menagerie. One of the workmen had been engaged in painting a portion of the house, touching off the ornamental projections with red paint. The young elephant watched him with great interest, apparently amused at the bright bits of color.

The painter was absorbed in his work when the dinner bell rang. He put his pot and brush down, and went off to his meal.

The elephant waited until he was out of sight, then carefully felt for the brush with his trunk.

Next to the young elephant stood a sleepy camel, dreamily eating hay. The elephant took up the brush and streaked the camel's side. The keeper happened along just then, and watched events. The elephant appeared highly pleased when it saw the red line of paint on the camel's gray flanks.

When the painter returned, the brush was back in its place, the elephant was gazing earnestly into space, and the camel was emblazoned all over with red stripes, like a crimson zebra.

Governing a Boy

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive with the thundering train comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon on the sea in spite of adverse winds or current.

The sensitive and soft spot, by which a boy's life is controlled, is his heart. With your grasp firm and gentle on that helm, you can pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good, by little indirect kindness to mother or sister, or even pet dog. See him at his home or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set

him to do some little service of trust for you, love him practically. Any way, rule him through his heart.

Prof. Wm. D. Kerr.

Our readers and the friends of the Deaf and Dumb all over the State, will regret to learn that Prof. William D. Kerr, who has been Superintendent of the Missouri Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb ever since it was founded, feeling compelled by advancing age and increasing infirmities to retire from the more active duties of life, has placed in the hands of the Board of Managers his resignation to take effect on the first of March, 1889. For fifty-eight years Prof. Kerr has been an instructor in the Institution at Danville, Ky., of which his father was, for some years, Superintendent. Qualified for his responsible position by long experience and by his thorough knowledge, not only of the dispositions of the deaf and dumb children, but of human nature generally, he has so skillfully managed the Missouri Institution that it has at all times had the practically unanimous support and liberal treatment at the hands of every legislature assembled since it began its existence.

Until recently the little frame house south of the Lunatic Asylum, in which he began the school in 1851, was still standing, and presented a marked contrast with the splendid structure now occupied by the school. Long indeed must be the career that can embrace such extremes, and justly may he be proud and happy, who can interweave his name and life with the history of one of the noblest institutions of a great State. The unsullied reputation of Prof. Kerr, no less than his skill and wisdom, has inspired public confidence in the Institution of which he was at the head. Such an admirable combination of the qualities ensuring success we cannot hope to obtain in any superintendent of the Board of Managers may select; for, however, worthy, talented and energetic that successor may be, only age and years of test can command such universal confidence as has been placed in Prof. Kerr.

The veteran superintendent on the continent and probably of the world, pronounced by many of his profession the finest sign-maker they had ever seen, a Christian without reproach, as successful in the management of his private business as of public affairs, Prof. Kerr will carry with him to the peace and quiet of his home, the good wishes of thousands in this and other States, and the admiration of all who have known him. We sincerely hope that the rest he seeks may result in the restoration of his health.

The resignation takes effect on March 1st, leaving the election of a new superintendent to the new Board, the course being in consonance with the wishes of the members of the present Board, who, in view of their brief tenure, have no desire to take any action that may not meet with the approbation of those to whom the Governor and the State may commit the care of the Institution for the next four years.—*Fulton Gazette.*

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Eddie Palen received a telegram from Brooklyn yesterday night, the 13th inst., announcing the death of his father, which occurred on the same day, and he started for that city as soon as possible. Mr. Palen had been ill with brain fever for a few months, and was sixty-one years old. The funeral took place from his late residence the following Tuesday, and the remains were interred in Cypress Hill Cemetery.

Before the holiday season had passed away, our Christmas tree was taken out to the back door and shattered of all its branches, placed between some bricks to make it stand firm, and the American flag set to the breeze at its top. This was the work of one of the local inmates.

The writer wishes to correct a slight mistake, which unavoidably crept into a previous letter. Mrs. Ross did not receive an elegant ring, but a ring.

Owing to delicate health, Mr. W. J. Nelson has not been here to conduct services for a number of Sundays, so Mr. Atwood has filled his place, and will continue to act as chaplain for an indefinite length of time.

Matron Ross is going to tender her resignation in the spring, but who

her successor will be is not yet made known.

A good word should be said of Mr. William Sprague, the blind genius of the Home. He has a little shop in men's hall, where he keeps himself busy, making household things. Remember the maxim, "Waste not, want not."

Sunday before last was a cloudy day, and the general aspect of the weather indicating snow, the beautiful flakes fell copiously before night. At this writing, the ground is covered with a soft white mantle.

Those of the female inmates who are brave enough to venture outdoors, have had plenty of exercise lately, when it was cold and pleasant.

An application was made not long ago for admittance to the Home, but the case has not been decided upon. The person is a man about thirty-six years of age, living in Rhinebeck, N. Y., a graduate of Fanwood.

Our matron enjoyed her first sleigh ride last Tuesday afternoon.

Nothing of much interest having transpired since our last letter, makes news rather scarce.

LOUISE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The deaf-mute branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is prospering. Over twenty deaf-mutes have become members.

President Acker has appointed committees to attend to special business that has come up.

Secretary Hebing is performing his duties with vigor and ability.

There will be a special meeting on Thursday next. Deaf-mute strangers in town are invited to be on hand.

Fred. Spofford departed this life on Friday, the 25th inst., of consumption. His end, though looked for very soon, was rather sudden. He died before a physician could be summoned. Mr. John Hackett was at the bedside of the dying man, whom he had watched over with great care and solicitude.

The remains of Mr. Spofford were interred in the Cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre. The pall bearers were William Hebing, John Cooper, John Linehan, Charles Stein, Charles Kessler, George Ingraham.

C. F. M.

The second volume of the memoirs of the Duke of Gotha, which has made such a stir in the social and political world of Germany, contains another anecdote of Bismarck—the latest accession to the ranks of doctors of divinity. When secretary of the Prussian legation at Frankfurt, he was asked by a lady why he objected to the appointment of Count Thun to the position of ambassador. He replied that it was not a fit place for a man of his extraordinary talents, there being so little to do. "Then," continued the lady, "why do you retain your office?" "Oh! madam, it is another thing with me. I have always been a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and cared for nothing save my gun. Here I can hunt as well as on my farm and enjoy my siesta." The years have changed Bismarck and his ideas.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

The value of coins to collectors does not depend on their age. Roman tribute pennies, dated before Christ, are not worth more than one dollar, while a genuine American silver dollar of 1804 would sell close to \$1,000.

John Graham is a gold roller for Simons Brothers & Co., the well-known jewelry manufacturers and diamond dealers, at 618 Chestnut Street. His work is the most trusted, and he is one of the very finest of the three hundred employees. Mr. Graham, in talking to a reporter, said:

"I have just gone through a remarkable experience. In the summer, I caught cold and catarrh developed rapidly. I have been troubled with catarrh ever since I was two years old. On the second of October, I quit work at nine o'clock in the morning, and went to Drs. McCoy and Wildman at their offices, 1822 Chestnut Street. I was very bad, when I left my work. My head was all stopped up and the drums of my ears were affected. For four weeks before I went to Drs. McCoy and Wildman, I was so deaf, I couldn't hear anything.

"After I had been under their treatment one week, I got my hearing back, and I can hear the most minute sounds. I can't say too much for the Doctors. I am certainly very grateful for what they have done for me. The sensation of losing one's hearing is awful. I had imagined suddenly being deprived of your hearing and then the opposite sensation of being able again to hear as well as ever. I must have been in a terrible condition. From my experience with Drs. McCoy and Wildman, I am perfectly satisfied that they have got the right idea as to the proper way to treat catarrh.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1889.

R. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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THE story of Little Helen Keller's mental progress, which we reprint on this page, is something marvelous. As every one knows, the education of the deaf and dumb is a very slow and laborious process. But this little girl is not only deaf and dumb, but is blind also. Hitherto, the case of Laura Bridgman has been regarded as one of the most wonderful achievements in the field of mental culture. But here is a case that the difficulty is not to educate but rather to restrain. The little blind deaf-mute craves for knowledge, and analyses and applies every scrap of information that she manages to get hold of. The future of this wonderful little blind deaf-mute girl will be watched with interest.

ATTENTION is directed to the communication, from Principal Dobyns of the Mississippi Institution, concerning the Proceedings of the Sixth Conference of Principals, which was held at Jackson, Miss., in April, 1888. It will be seen that certain individuals are entitled to a copy of the pamphlet free. There are, however, a certain number of the better educated deaf-mutes who take an interest in matters relating to deaf-mute education, who would very likely be glad to read it. All such can procure a book by following the directions given in Mr. Dobyns' circular.

THE synopsis of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet's lecture before the students of the National Deaf-Mute College is very interesting. Probably not half the fighting done in order to establish the college, and to procure funds for its proper maintenance, will ever be known. Certain it is that Dr. Gallaudet has had his hands full many a time when all seemed placid and serene. His indomitable energy, and his steadfast faith and sincerity in the cause of higher education for deaf-mutes, coupled with his well-known diplomacy and perfect knowledge of all that is connected with deaf-mutes and their education, brought well-deserved and well-earned victory to the cause he championed. Let us hope that he will be as successful in warding off the present impending danger as he has been in the past. The successful lives which so many of the College graduates are living, should aid in convincing those opposed to provisions for maintaining the poorer students, that the country as well as the individual will be a loser if such a law goes into effect.

A VERY readable article on "Clannishness" is presented this week by one who possesses all the advantages of the so-called "restored-to-society" deaf-mute. Able to read the lips and speak as well as the ordinary hearing person, with an education far superior to that possessed by the average individual, with social qualities of mind and attractiveness of person, and, more than all, with a pronounced inclination to avoid deaf persons and to cultivate the society of those who can hear, she has found happiness and contentment amongst those who are deaf, after an experience both humiliating and discouraging in her efforts to carry out the ideas of those cold-blooded theorists, who calculate that the average deaf-mute should go through life on the principle of an automaton—with machine-like action, but without any feeling whatever. There are hundreds of persons who could relate experiences similar to those recorded in the article which is sarcastically entitled "Clannishness."

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

St. Joseph's Union, of Brooklyn, is talking of having a picnic next summer.

There is a certain deaf-mute in Brooklyn, who feels sure he can beat Rose, Meinken, Le Clercq at al, at running.

Misses McLaughlin and McCue, of Brooklyn, are weekly visitors to their old chum, Mrs. Kelly, of Jersey City.

Madison P. Sawtelle works on a farm in Kennebec County, Me. He often goes to Augusta, which is seven miles distant.

A handsome photograph of Mr. John Wilkins adorns the show case of a downtown photographer on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

Alexander Goldfoyle, of New York City, has been copying law cases, and doing other work for his brother, Judge Goldfoyle, lately.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., last week visited friends in Grant, N. Y., and in Lottsville, Freehold and Sugar Grove, Pa.

The lecture of Prof. W. G. Jones, at the rooms of the Brooklyn Society last Wednesday, drew a crowded house. The Peet Bust Fund ought to profit by it.

Wm. Geiger, a deaf-mute, late Tuesday night, while coming from "Over the Rhine," attempted suicide by jumping in the canal.—*Cincinnati Post*, Jan. 24.

Julius Wilkens, of College Point, L. I., formerly a pupil in Fanwood is said to be very sick, and has had to give up his place in the Rubber Button works in that town.

The ten month's old baby of Mr. and Mrs. McFaul of Brooklyn, N. Y., is autographing every thing he gets hold of with his two milk white teeth, which suddenly appeared the other day.

Mrs. H. P. Moody, of East Rochester, N. H., has been confined to her bed for nearly four weeks with bronchitis. Her niece, Etta, of Providence, R. I., is taking care of her, and also her aged mother.

The new St. Joseph's Institute, Buffalo Ave., and St. Dean, Brooklyn, is almost ready for occupancy. All the inside work is finished and the grounds are being fenced in. It is expected that possession will be taken early this spring.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, of New York City, sent her check for \$250 to the manager of the amateur performance to be given in Chickering Hall for the benefit of St. Ann's Church West 18th Street, with the request for five reserved seats.

J. W. Lyons, of St. Joseph's Union, Brooklyn, N. Y., who is a member of one of the crack wheelmen's clubs, of that city, is on the look out for a good chance to enter an athletic meeting where he can display his powers on the "wheel."

It is said that the recent performance in Daly's Theatre for the benefit of the Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes, on 14th Street, New York City, netted \$1,700. The performance was strictly private, being limited to the friends of the ladies who projected it.

The number of deaf-mute married couples who live up in Harlem and Yorkville, is increasing. Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway, besides Mrs. Roberts, all live within a few minutes' walk of each other.

Mr. Paul S. Girardin, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was taken ill last October, died at the residence of his brother at Crogman, N. Y., of hemorrhage of the lungs, about Thanksgiving. He was in his fortieth year. He leaves a wife who mourns his demise. "Requiescat in pace."—*J. B. H.*

Edwin W. Edwards, formerly employed in the Reporter composing room, and now foreman on the Hartford, Conn., *Record*, is on a visit to friends in Woonsocket. He will represent his city at the Boston Typographical union's ball on Wednesday evening in Boston. He reports that the *Record* is on a sound financial basis and progressing finely.—*Woonsocket, R. I., Reporter*.

A practical joke was exercised upon James V. Nelson the other day. He was making us a visit, and being very thirsty, having not tasted "Adam's Ale" for a whole day, went in to our kitchen to get it. Seeing two faucets, he filled the goblet from the right side of the faucet, and then drank from it ravenously, when to his horror he nearly choked his his poor tongue. Investigation showed he took the wrong one, for it was boiling hot water he was drinking. To say he was astonished, would be impossible to describe. There were roars of laughter and much side-aching. He was put under surgical treatment, and at this writing is all right. Faith he unto us, "My tongue was not made for cooking."

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, gave an interesting lecture on the subject of his travels in Europe, last evening at the rooms of the Lowell Silent Society. The speaker gave an outline of his departure from New York to Liverpool June 2d of last year, in a clear and graphic manner. His description of London and its celebrated docks, the Thames, the Tower of London, the cathedrals, his visit to Paris, Switzerland, Edinburgh, the "Bridal Veil" mountain, and Mont Blanc was of high order, and the closest attention was paid by those present as the speaker delivered himself in his usual easy manner, by means of his finger manual and language of signs. Dr. Gallaudet, not being a mute, is one of the best lecturers on European travels in New York, and the society was fortunate to secure his services. It is to be hoped at a future date he may be induced to give a series of his lectures here in some church for the benefit of the society.—*Lowell Daily Times*, Jan. 17.

Purinton-Campbell.

A very pretty wedding took place in the evening of January 16th, at the residence of Mr. Charles F. Ayers, at 28 Hanover street, Portland, Me., when Rev. Samuel Rowe, the well-known Maine deaf-mute missionary, united in marriage Mr. Frank Purinton, of Deering, to Miss Maria H. Campbell, of Portland. Both are deaf-mutes. Miss Campbell graduated from the Portland School for the Deaf two years ago

"CLANNISHNESS."

Considerable discussion has been aroused lately, concerning the "clannishness" of the deaf. *Appropos* of the subject, I will simply relate a little incident, submitting it to your readers without comment.

A young girl of seventeen or eighteen, who lost her hearing at the age of ten, able to speak fluently, and read the lips with comparative ease, indeed, in all respects, "restored to society" to an exceptional degree for a deaf person, was invited one evening to attend a social gathering at the house of a friend. She went, and was the only deaf person present. Music was the principal entertainment, and not wishing to spoil the enjoyment of the others, she remained quiet. There were *bravas* and *encores*, and song followed song for hours together. At last, finding that she was neither enjoying herself nor adding to the enjoyment of others, she quietly rose, left the room, and went home. No notice was taken of her departure, either then or afterward. (Her hostess may have thought it merely a "deaf-mute peculiarity"). The slight was, perhaps, all the more keenly felt, as the young girl belonged to a musical family, and before losing her hearing had herself possessed a decided talent and passionate love of music.

At any rate, the event produced an indelible impression upon her mind. As she said afterward:—

"I realized then, as I have hundreds of times since, the hopelessness of expecting anything like sympathy from hearing people. Until then, I had been rather inclined to hold myself aloof from the deaf, and to associate with the hearing. From that hour, my feelings changed.

Again, referring to the same incident, she said:—

"If it had been a deliberate insult, it would have been less hard to bear; I knew perfectly well that no slight was intended. They had simply forgotten my existence, that was all."

She subsequently married a deaf-mute. Some one asked her once, after her marriage, if she could have been happy with a hearing husband.

"Never," she said, with emphasis. "Hearing people do not sympathize with the deaf. They pity them. It makes no difference, even though they may be inferior to us in all other respects. Even my washerwoman pities me."

I have said that I would submit this without comment, but I feel tempted to ask: Could such a feeling, under such circumstances, be rightly called morbid? Is it not rather one of the most natural traits of human character, especially to all who are capable of real delicacy and self-respect. True, there are exceptions to every rule, and there are some hearing people who associate with the deaf, with equal pleasure on both sides, but they are the ones who realize that, as Burns says,

"A man's a man for a' that."

And it is a significant fact that they are never the ones who blame the deaf for "clannishness."

H. G. H.

The Sixth Conference of Principals and Superintendents.

INST. FOR THE DEAF & DUMB, 1 JACKSON, MISS., JAN. 26, 1888.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—DEAR SIR:—I have forwarded reports of the (Gallaudet) Sixth Conference, etc., according to my circular of Dec. 20th, 1888, published in several Institution papers.

I have had answers from only a few of the Superintendents, to that circular, but have forwarded to the others according to the list in the last "Annals."

Packages were forwarded by express, and if any fail to get them, I would be glad to hear at an early date. Will you please publish the enclosed circular of December 20th, 1888, that all may know, who are entitled to free copies.

[CIRCULAR.]

"DEAR SIR:—Circumstances over which I had no control have delayed the publication of the proceedings of the Sixth Conference to a very late day. I am glad to say, however, that the work is now being rapidly done, and I am assured by the printer that they will be ready for distribution early next month.

A copy will be sent to the Executive Officer, or head, of each Institution and Day School; to each Teacher in the Literary Department of each Institution or School supported by State or Government appropriation; to each Institution paper.

If your Institution is supported by the State or Government, please inform me by return mail the number of teachers or professors in the Literary Department. There will be a few extra copies, which can be had for thirty cents, including postage. Those directly connected with the education of the deaf, and not mentioned above, will have the preference when orders for extra copies are filled."

We have a few extra, which can be had for thirty cents prepaid postage. Would be obliged if you can publish this.

Yours truly,

J. R. DOBYNS, Supr.

DIED.

Amasa Clapp, an old and respected citizen of Lafayette, Ind., died, January 14th, after an illness of a few days, with pneumonia. He was 72 years old. Besides a wife, he leaves two daughters and one son. Ada E. is teaching in Illinois, and Eva H. is a teacher in our primary school. Chas. C. is engaged in mercantile business in Alden, Ia. Mr. Clapp was educated at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in New York under the charge of Dr. H. P. Peet, where he met his wife. After a life of forty years together, they are now separated only to meet again where partings are no more.

Mr. F. Chievers, of Pittsfield, Mass., is learning to be a machinist at the Deane Steam Pump Co., in Holyoke, Mass.

WONDERFUL HELEN KELLER.

The Story of a Year's Mental Development.

BLIND, DEAF AND DUMB, THE WORLD IS YET OPEN TO HER—A FIRST LESSON IN HISTORY AND THE IMPRESSION IT MADE—A BEAUTIFUL NATURE ALLIED TO A BRILLIANT INTELLECT.

(Boston Herald, Jan. 18, 1889.)

About a year ago the readers of the *Herald* were given a very detailed account of the little wonder of the South, Helen Keller, the seven year old blind, deaf and dumb child of Alabama. The story as then told interested thousands of persons; men of science were led to study her case, and from all over the country came letters of interested inquiry regarding her. The quickness with which she imbibed knowledge seems little less than a miracle. No child in the full possession of her faculties over made such quick strides, nor took every step so understandingly. What she attained she never forgot, no matter how much she added to it. During the past summer she visited New England, and many persons had the opportunity of seeing for themselves what a perfect wonder she was. But none, except those who are constantly associated with her, can understand how perfect is her mental development. It seems a great deal to say that in a year she had gained a vocabulary of 1500 words, which she used and spelled correctly. This is a large number of words even for seeing people to use, the average vocabulary being from 1200 to 1400 words, among people, that is of ordinary educational advantages. That was her first year's work. It must be remembered that two years ago the child knew nothing of language, and had no idea of arbitrary expressions to make thoughts known. Her very efforts to make herself understood, and her wild despair at her failure, convinced those about her that there was

EVERY FACULTY UNIMPAIRED.

who could accomplish in several years what she has done in less than two.

Her teacher, Miss Sullivan, in writing about her wonderful progress, says: "It has become so natural to her to use the finger language, as a vehicle for the expression of her thought that each idea, as it flashes through her busy mind, suggests the words which should embody it. Indeed, she seems always to think in words. Even while she sleeps her fingers are spelling the confused and rambling dream thoughts. From the day when Helen first grasped the idea that all objects have names, and that those can be communicated by certain movements of the fingers, I have talked to her exactly as I should have done had she been able to hear, only I have addressed the words to her fingers instead of her ears." Naturally enough there was at first a strong tendency on her part to use only the important words in a sentence. She would say "Helen milk." Miss Sullivan would get her the milk, to show her that she had used the correct word, but she would not allow her to drink it until she had with her teacher's assistance, made a complete sentence: "Give Helen some milk to drink." Miss Sullivan constantly asked the question: "How did you teach her the meaning of words expressive of intellectual and moral qualities." It is extremely difficult to tell just how she came to understand the meaning of abstract ideas, and to perceive power of expressing them; but it was probably through association and repetition than any explanation. Miss Sullivan has always made it a practice to use the words descriptive of emotions and of intellectual and moral qualities and actions in connection with the circumstance which required these words. Soon after she was put under her teacher's charge she broke a new doll of which she was very fond. She began to cry. Miss Sullivan said: "Teacher is sorry." After a few repetitions of this word, whenever any occasion called for its use, she came to

LOCKED UP WITHIN HER.

a tremendous intellectual force that was struggling for freedom, and that must either find an outlet or make a victim of the child. It was then that the family turned to Mr. Anagnos, and he sent to Miss Sullivan to them. The story of the way in which she was first taught was told in the *Herald* first, and since then has been repeated by nearly every paper in the United States. But wonderful as that story was, it is no more marvellous than the story of the first year's progress, which the *Herald* is now giving to its readers.

To begin with it must be remembered that the child has not yet reached her 9th birthday. She was 8 in June, during her happy visit to Mr. Anagnos at South Boston. Contrast the understanding and the achievement of this girl with any child of her age possessed of all its senses and having every advantage for education, and see if Helen suffers at all by the comparison. Physically and mentally she is in no way behind the child of her years. She is wonderfully pretty; her face is filled with intelligence, and every emotion is pictured upon it with the greatest clearness. It is indeed "a mirror of the soul." This expression has grown so true as to have become almost meaningless, but seeing Helen Keller all its original intention is restored to it. In height she is about four feet and six inches; her waist measure is 24 inches; her head, which is broad and full, measures 21 1/2 inches in circumference in a line drawn around it and passing over the prominences of the parietal and those of the frontal bones. The measurement over the head from the orifice of one ear to that of the other is 11 3/4 inches, and from the chin to the top of the crown it is exactly 13 inches. Notwithstanding the rapidity of her physical development, her frame is fitly proportioned and well filled out, her stature is erect, her features symmetrical and her figure wonderfully graceful. Her mind is

INCESSENTLY ACTIVE.

and its energy is so intense that physicians often ask the question, "Does she rest well?" and seem all of a sudden to be surprised when they receive an affirmative reply, so sure are they that it cannot be the case. Yet there is ground for apprehension that the continual excitement of her brain shall undermine her health. Of this danger both her parents and her teacher are fully aware, and they are very careful to guard against it. They cause her to take appropriate bodily exercise daily, and avoid everything that might produce disturbance in the nervous system, or serve to stimulate vigorous thought. Since last March no regular instruction has been given her, either in reading, writing, arithmetic, or any other branch. Nevertheless, it is utterly impossible to prevent her studying. As well might we attempt to check the bird's song or the waterfall's flow as to keep her from learning. Whether she is in or out of doors, in the country, which she loves so well, or in the crowded streets of the city, on land or water, she finds everywhere abundant materials for a lesson in geography, or botany, or mathematics, or some other subject. She is tireless in her search for information. Her hunger for knowledge is insatiate. She is always on the *qui vive* for something new which seems beyond her reach. No sooner does one begin to converse with her than the interrogatories "why" "how" "many" "what" "who" "when" and "where" fly from her fingers in rapid succession.

It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt that Helen has not the slightest perception of light or of sound. She is totally blind and deaf. But the acuteness of her remaining senses, and especially that of touch and feeling generally, has been brought to perfection by constant exercise. She recognizes her friends as soon as her fingers come in contact with them, either with their hands or their dress, and not the faintest odor escapes her notice. She is passionately fond of music—isn't that strange—and tells about going to church "to hear the organ." When any one begins playing either the organ or the piano, her brain is informed of the fact by the vibrations of the floor. She is passionately fond of dancing, having learned it by feeling the motions of the feet and the bending of the knees of the little companion who was trying to teach her.

Helen's mind has developed remarkably during the past year. Her vocabulary has increased to such an extent as to comprehend more than 3000 words, which she can spell without a mistake, and employ accurately in composition. This is a marvelous achievement, for there is no pupil in any of the schools for the blind, from the lowest up to the highest grade, who is so thoroughly acquainted with the intricacies of orthography, and none in those for deaf-mutes, who can use idiomatic English, with such ease and precision. Nor is there a child of her age with

from her theories as they are from her eyes and ears. The very last time that she was questioned closely as to whether she ever dreamed of hearing or seeing, she replied with emphasis, "No! I am blind and deaf."

cess. She was greatly interested in examining the school apparatus, the uses of which she readily comprehended. During the visit to Boston she was taken to Plymouth, and on the way there she was told the story of the Pilgrims. This was her first glimpse into the past, her first lesson in history. How she received it and the impression it made upon her, may be inferred from the following letter, which she wrote three months after her Plymouth visit.

HER PLYMOUTH VISIT.

SOUTH BOSTON, OCT. 1, 1888.

My Dear Uncle Morris:—I think you will be very glad to receive a letter from your little friend Helen. I am very happy to write to you, because I think of you and love you. I read pretty stories in the book you sent me, about Charles and his boat and about his dream, and Rosa and the sheep.

I have been in a large boat. It was like a ship. Mother and teacher, and Mrs. Hopkins and Mr. Anagnos and Mr. Rodenbach and many other friends went to Plymouth to see many old times. I will tell you a little story about Plymouth. Many years ago people lived in England many good people, but the King and his friends were not kind and gentle and patient with good people, because the King did not like to let the people think of God. People did not like to go to church with the King, but they did like to build very nice little churches for themselves. The King was very angry with the people, and he was angry, and they said we will go to a strange country to live, and leave very dear home and friends and naughty King. So they put all their things in boxes and said good-bye to their new friends, and sailed away in a large boat to find a new country. Poor people were not happy, for their hearts were full of thoughts, because they did not know much about America. I think little children must have been very afraid of a great ocean, for it is very strong and it makes a loud noise, but just water and the beautiful sky, for ships could not sail quickly then, because they were not made of iron and steam. One day a dear little baby boy was born. His name was Peregrine White. I am sorry that poor little Peregrine is dead now. Every day the people went on deck to look for land. One day there was a great shout on the ship, for the people saw the land and they were full of joy, because they had reached a new country called America. Girls and boys jumped and clapped their hands, when they stepped upon a huge rock. I don't see the rock in Plymouth, and a little ship like the Mayflower, and many other things that came in the Mayflower. Would you like to visit Plymouth some time and see many old things?

Now I am very tired and I will rest. With much love and many kisses from your little friend,

HELEN A. KELLER.

Isn't it wonderful how she imbibed the real spirit of the story? It was during this visit that she first knew that there were other languages besides the English, and she made haste to learn all she could about them. Once let her find out what it is that she wants to know about, and she will not rest until she has gained the desired information. "I must learn many things," is one of her favorite expressions, and truly it seems as though she was fulfilling the imperative demand that she makes on her own powers. While conversing with a young girl who called upon her in Boston, she asked what her new friend studied at school. Among the studies was named Latin. "What is that?" she telegraphed to Miss Sullivan, who replied that it was a language people used to speak years ago, and gave her some words. That led to some questions, and she soon found out about French and German and Greek, being particularly delighted at being told that the latter was Mr. Anagnos' own language. She set about learning words in all the languages, and avowed her determination to master them all. The idea became a dominant one in her mind, and a little while before her return to the South she wrote the following letter to an aunt in Alabama. The letter is given

EXACTLY AS SHE WROTE IT.

as was the one that was quoted above. She says: "My Dearest Aunt,—I am coming home very soon, and I think you and every one will be very glad to see my teacher and me. I am very happy because I have learned much about many things. I am studying French and German and Latin and Greek. Seagap is Greek, and it means 'I love thee.' J'ai une bonne petite sœur, is French, and it means 'I have a good little sister.' Nous avons un bon père, is French, and it means 'We have a good father and a good mother.' Puer is boy in Latin, and mütter is mother in German. I will send you a book of many languages when I come home."

HELEN A. KELLER.

The ease and facility of expression seems almost miraculous, when we consider her limitations and the short time since she comprehended expression. It is no wonder that scientific men all over the world are interested in her, and that some have even made the journey across the Atlantic to study this little wonder, who is scarcely short of a miracle. What she would be were she in possession of her senses one does not dare to imagine. One thing that may be mentioned as possessing peculiar psychological interest is the fact that her dreams, like those of all other persons, are the result of the spontaneous action of her mental faculties. They are accurately modelled upon the experiences of her waking life, producing sensations similar in kind to those received in her state of consciousness, but without order or congruity, because uncontrolled by her will. Persistent inquiries have elicited the fact that light and sound are

AS COMPLETELY ABSENT

from her theories as they are from her eyes and ears. The very last time that she was questioned closely as to whether she ever dreamed of hearing or seeing, she replied with emphasis, "No! I am blind and deaf."

Here is another psychological feature which may prove of interest. In writing about Helen last year, Miss Sullivan mentioned several instances of occasions wherein she seemed to have called into use an inexplicable mental faculty. She has now become convinced that the power may be explained by her perfect familiarity with the muscular variations in the physique of those with whom she comes in contact, caused by the play of their different emotions. Surrounded by darkness and stillness, she has been forced to depend largely upon this muscular sense as a means of ascertaining the mental condition of those about her. She has learned to connect certain movements of the body with anger, others with joy, and others still with sorrow. One day, while she was walking with her mother and Mr. Anagnos, a boy threw a torpedo, which startled Mrs. Keller. Helen felt the change in her mother's movements instantly, and she asked: "What are we afraid of?" A striking illustration of this strange power was recently shown while her ears were being examined by the aurists at Cincinnati. Just before she came to Boston, these specialists held a convention at Cincinnati, and, by the request of an uncle of hers, who is a physician, she was taken before them to see if there was any chance of her ever hearing; but, alas! the result confirmed the deepest fears; there is no help for her. Several experiments were tried to determine positively whether or not she had any perception of sound. All present were astonished, when she appeared to hear, not only a whistle, but also an ordinary tone of voice. She would turn her head, smile, and act as though she had heard what was said. Miss Sullivan was then standing before her holding her hands. Thinking that she possibly might be receiving impressions through her. Miss Sullivan held her hands on the table and withdrew to the opposite side of the room. The aurists then tried their experiments, but with different results. Helen remained motionless through them all, not once showing the least sign that she realized what was going on. At Miss Sullivan's suggestion, one of the gentlemen took the child's hands and the tests were repeated. This time her countenance changed, whenever she was spoken to, but there was not such a decided lighting up of the features as when Miss Sullivan had held her hand.

This is but the beginning all that might be told regarding this wonderful child and her more wonderful mental progress. As it is, the eyes of the entire scientific world are on her, and every new development is interestingly marked. What her future may be no one can tell, but it seems as though she had come a special missionary to those who are bound by such terrible physical limitations to aid them to find the way to light and life.

Weekly Bible Class and Social Gathering of Deaf-Mutes.

The east basement of St. Ann's Church, New York, is the place of the above meeting, which occurs every Thursday evening, at eight. The number of members is increasing. All are invited to come, and all who attend are sure to have a profitable and pleasant evening.

5-lyr.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointment.

Feb. 3d,—St. Louis, 10:30 A.M., The Holy Communion.

Feb. 3d,—St. Louis, 3:00 P.M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Feb. 4th,—Jacksonville, Illinois, 10:30 A.M., Holy Communion.

Feb. 10th,—Grand Rapids, Mich., 4:00 P.M., Evening Prayer.

Feb. 10th,—Grand Rapids, Mich., 7:30 P.M., Combined Service.

Feb. 11th,—Grand Rapids, Mich., 7:30 P.M., Confirmation.

Offerings are needed to meet the growing expenses of this greatly needed work.

At Canton, China, some 250,000 people live continuously upon boats, and many never step foot on shore from one year's end to another. The young children have a habit of continually falling overboard, and thus cause a great deal of trouble in effecting a rescue, while in many instances this is impossible, and a child is drowned. China is an over-populated country, and the Chinese have profited by this drowning proclivity in reducing the surplus population. They attach floats to the male children so that they can be fished out when they tumble into the river. The females are without such protection, and are usually left to drown—such accidents being providential.

RELATIVE HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.

Five feet six inches should be 145.
Five feet ten inches should be 169.
Five feet five inches should be 142.
Five feet two inches should be 126.
Five feet nine inches should be 162.
Five feet four inches should be 136.
Five feet eight inches should be 155.
Five feet three inches should be 133.
Five feet seven inches should be 148.
Five feet eleven inches should be 174.
A man six feet high should weigh 178.
Five feet one inch should be 120 pounds.

NEW YORK.

Very Pretty Tableaux.

A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS.

Rose's Record.

AND OTHER NOTES.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Mr. Joseph Yankauer will have reason to feel proud of the feat he accomplished on the evening of January 22d. Standing at the door leading to the Guild room of St. Ann's Church, on that evening, he passed and received a ticket for 25 cents from no less than 200 people. The largest audience that ever attended a deaf-mute entertainment in that well-known and oft-frequented gathering place for deaf-mutes.

The occasion was a series of tableaux, presented by a company of deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen. To say that it proved a success and was highly enjoyed by the audience, would be faint praise for the efforts of the young ladies having the details in charge.

The audience was a good-natured one, just the kind one likes to meet with, and more especially deaf-mutes. The hearing people made up at least one-third of the number. They seemed more anxious to have the entertainment begin than the deaf-mutes, who are used to a little delay now and then.

Contrary to expectations, no delay was experienced. Accordingly to the fashionable theatre hour for the rising of the curtain, the impromptu one made for this occasion opened, as the clock reached ten minutes past eight, revealing "The Three Graces," represented by Miss Alice Hatch, Lizzie Price and Lizzie Brinck. It closed so quickly only a few saw the picture. That was the only mishap that occurred through the evening, excepting when the young man, standing by the blackboard, and announcing in titles of the regulation programme, the titles of each picture, made the mistake of writing "Marguerite Queen," when it should have been "Queen Marguerite." The error was quickly corrected by a promising scholar present and with a little laughter, no further notice was taken of this "grammatical tableau."

In the grouping and general pose of each character, there was evidence the actors had been under the instruction of a master hand. The draping of the ladies' dresses could not have been excelled. The poor light from the two chandeliers on each side of the stage, and the lowness of the stage itself, marred to a certain degree the pictures that otherwise would have been produced with great effect.

Following the first pictures were "Naomi, Ruth and Orpha," by Misses Hatch, Price and Brinck; two views, representing "Meekness" and "Milkmaid and her lover," by Minnie Magee and Master Joe Graham. It was a very pretty picture. Master Graham acted his part with stunning effect, even to the smile on his face. In another scene, "Flirtation," with Miss Lillie Price, he proved a capital dupe. Not a muscle moved for the minute and a half or two he stood in fanciful position making love to the fair Miss Price, who was equally as well guarded in the command of her facial contour.

"Queen Marguerite and Faust" was one of the best pictures present. The former was assumed by Miss Alice Hatch, whose tall and graceful figure, and very expressive and intelligent face, lent great force to the representation. The "Faust" held his or her head so removed from the audience, it was impossible to tell just who assumed that character.

"Tyranny, Justice and Mercy," probably eclipsed all the other pictures in faithfulness and genuine expression. Lillie Price looked stern and unrelenting in the character of Tyranny. Alice Hatch as Justice was commanding in form, and in face indicative of "favors to none," while the very pretty face of Miss Lizzie Brinck, was one that could not have been more aptly chosen for representing "Mercy."

Five scenes from yclept "Blue Beard," followed. As the sour and cruel old curmudgeon, who forbade his wife (Miss Brinck) entering a specified room of his palatial abode, Sam Frankenheim was in all respects a veritable "chip of the old block." Looked as savage as Blue Beard could possibly have done, and his make up was a feature of the picture. Adolph Pfeiffer and Charles Bötner distinguished themselves as gallants in the rescue scene of the spouse from her murderous husband, on his discovering she had tried to gain access to the forbidden room. Miss Brinck was encircled three times during this scene.

A dignified and artistic picture was presented by Miss Kate Clinton in the guise of "Lady Macbeth," while a sprightly and vivacious looking "Fairy" was that of Miss Lizzie Kempenaar, and modest, indeed, looked Miss Isabella Hatch, as she stood for a full three minutes representing the character of "modesty."

Miss Price as a gypsy "Fortune Teller" was true to life in make up and appearance, and also the "lady" who entered her secret abode to have her fortune told, Miss A. Hatch, was natural. Messrs. Pfeiffer and Bachrach added effect to the picture in the characters of ercorts to the ladies.

The other scenes were "Cinderella,"

"French Peasant," "Ophelia," a "Lawn Tennis" group that proved immensely amusing, a "Croquet Party," "Mary Magdalen," by Minnie Magee; "Spring" by Miss Brinck; "Summer" by Isabella Hatch; "Autumn" by Alice Hatch, and "Winter" by Lillie Price. Then there was an amusing "Baby" scene, representing Miss Brinck, as the jolly French maid, with the baby in her arms, showing it to a lady visitor, Miss Lillie Price, who looks askance from baby to nurse, then to mother.

Besides these pictures already mentioned there were several others. Not in a long time has such an entertaining event been given here in New York. It was almost ten o'clock before the last scene, "Good Night" had been concluded, and the audience left for their homes, with many pleasant memories of what they had witnessed lingering in their minds. The receipts netted between fifty and sixty dollars, which goes to the Gallaudet Home.

Among the many noticed in the audience were, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, accompanied Miss Agnes Cocheu, a very pretty young hearing lady, Prof. and Mrs. T. F. Fox, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Colt, Mrs. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Haight, Mrs. Roberts and sisters, Mrs. Price and Miss Nellie Price, C. J. LeClerc and Mrs. Coe, and Miss Ella Coe, and Aunt Estella, Mr. and Mrs. Loew, Mr. and Mrs. Hogan and Miss Sadie Keiler, Mr. Geo. S. Porter, and the Misses Hawkins, Lewis, Williams, Martha Hamilton, Taylor, Hasty and Barrager, from the New York Institution; Mrs. Abby Kaufman and sister, Prof. Van Tassel, the Misses Reed, Smith, Katie Shute, and Mr. E. A. Souweine, Morton and Miss H. Sonneborn and Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Juhning, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell, Manager Thomson, of the Home; Frank B. Thompson, Albert Ballin, Jr., and Mr. Ballin, Sr., "Genial" Tom Godfrey, J. H. Dundon, "Uncle" Jim O'Neil and Miss McLaughlin, Misses Doyle, Madden, Abel, Harth, and Mrs. Hearsh, Misses Bissett, Lizzie Jones, and Messrs. T. W. Brown, Meinken, Donohue, Lounsbury, Wagle, Goldfogle, Frey, Lonergan, Neiser, Balsam, McIlwraith, Laing, Tilson Haight, Whalen, Fred Peak, Capelli, Eschert, and, and, we beg your pardon, but there were ever so many others.

The report of the cross country run, in which several of the contestants were said to have beaten the record made for that distance by W. H. Rose, on Election Day, appears to be taken very lightly by the latter gentleman. Indeed, in conversation with him, the other day, he seemed as little concerned in the endeavors of a few to lower his record as the man in the moon. The participants in the last run might have invited him to join them on the day mentioned. The time he made on election day was not presumably his best. The course laid out was new to him, occasioning thereby a delay that would otherwise have been to the credit. In the "record breaking" contest, the participants had the benefit of knowing the lay of the land. Rose is not boasting for himself, confident he can make better time than those who tried to beat him. He thinks he could come in ahead of any of them in a race with his overcoat on; yea, even with his heavy ulster. If a race for the like distance could be arranged for Washington's birthday, it would prove an interesting occasion. The event may take definite shape before the week is out. Mr. William Fossimire has in contemplation the offering of a prize for such a contest. What it will be we are not informed, but a small entrance fee will be charged, and the run is open to all comers. In the event of its taking place, it could possibly benefit the Peet Bust Fund in a financial sense.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hathaway are greatly grieved over the loss of their little son, J. Edward Hathaway, who died on the morning of Thursday, January 24th, after a short illness. He was a bright, light haired little fellow, only four years of age. The cause of death was due to an enlargement of the heart, and lung trouble, that baffled the skill of the most expert physicians. The funeral took place from their residence, 121 East 124th Street, on last Tuesday at one o'clock. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet read a very touching sermon, and at its conclusion these were not one dry eye in the room where the body lay encased in a pretty little white cloth casket, that was literally submerged by flowers, the gifts of friends and relations of the family. The interment was in Woodlawn and the funeral was attended by request, by only the relations and intimate friends of the couple. They have the sympathy of a host of friends in their sad bereavement.

The portly form of Alderman Russell, of Harlem, is now to be seen at times encased in "sowester" that cost its owner a good \$50. It gives him a towering appearance over his more diminutive fellow creatures, but as it is warm, comfortable and a fashionable garment, nobody has the audacity to say there is anything wrong about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Juhning appear to like the change from Brooklyn to New York City life. Monday evening last they made their presence felt in a pleasant call on Mr. and Mrs. Russell.

It would be well for our deaf-mute athletes to read the announcement made by the National Association of Amateur Athletics for their games in Madison Square Garden. Diamond rings and scarf pins go to first and second, a gold watch to third in an event. Competitors will receive a hand-

some gold watch charm as a souvenir of the occasion.

A debate is talked of by several of our populace interested in the Peet Memorial. About time it or something else was coming, as very little has been done for that object this way lately.

The theatrical entertainment, to be given at the New York Institution on the evening of February 22d, promises in point of numbers in attendance to be a very successful affair.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

LOWELL.

The Lowell Silent Society held its postponed annual meeting at its rooms in Barrister's Hall, Wednesday evening, January 23d. There was an unusually large attendance of mutes present. Several new names were added to the list of membership, making in all twenty-three members. H. H. Mayberry called the meeting to order, and after offering prayer, Mr. John McCarthy was elected Chairman of the meeting, and accepted the honor in a neat little speech. His first business was the election of officers for the ensuing year by appointing a Committee to nominate candidates for President, Secretary and Treasurer. The result of the ballot was the election of the following: President, Gorham D. Abbott; Secretary, John McCarthy; Treasurer, Ednor E. Estabrook.

Mr. Abbott was called on to make some remarks. After thanking his friends for honoring him to the exalted position of President, he said that the office sought him, and that he did not seek the office, and that in the future, during his administration, it would be his only aim to see that the society was placed on a better financial footing than last year; that he would strive to protect and maintain the rights of the members, and he hoped all would live in harmony, peace and unity. He paid a high tribute of praise to the retiring president, Howard H. Mayberry.

The elected Secretary and Treasurer made remarks of complimentary nature to the society.

We forgot to say that just before the election, Mr. Charles F. Folsom, our efficient ex-treasurer, submitted his financial report for the year 1888, which was found to be correct, and he then, to the regret of all, announced his determination not to take the portfolio again, as other business demands his attention elsewhere. Mr. Abbott then spoke warmly of his friend, and thanked him for his faithfulness as treasurer.

Mr. Geo. A. Hanscom, a hearing gentleman, treasurer of the trustees of the society's funds, sent in his account of his stewardship. The finances are in good condition. A yearly donation of \$20 has been received from Mr. Fred Ayer, a warm friend of the mutes, and \$10.30 from Kirk Street Church, of which Mr. Hanscom is a member.

The society has been economical in its expenses, and it is trying to raise funds, so that preachers, not mutes, are proficient in the language of signs, can be secured every other Sunday. The society has been unable to do this, for want of sufficient funds.

The Lowell Silent Society is happy. It has twenty-three members all told. We expect two more—making twenty-five in all—the largest list of members for many years, since the society was found. Convey the good news to our dear ex-president, I. Newton Soper. Don't forget us, Ike! When you come and see us, you will receive a right royal welcome from your old as well as new friends of the society.

We hope the Gallaudet Society of Boston is doing well, for it ought to be under its efficient President, E. W. Frisbee.

On the 9th of January, Miss Nelly Lafferty received from Mr. and Mrs. Estabrook presents of a "full peach blown" vase and handkerchief at the society's room. The occasion being her having reached the goal of fifty years.

We are to have a new federal post-office, the gift from the government at Washington, on Gorham and Appleton Streets in the Spring. There is some talk of a Bible Class every Sunday evening at 6:30, in the society's room, instead of in the morning as heretofore. We find that more mutes attend evening services than in the morning, consequently the talked of. To our own thinking we think it a capital change, if adopted by the votes of the mutes. There must be something done to interest the mutes in biblical studies.

Now as the Lowell Silent Society is under a new administration, give us more entertainments this year than last year. Stir up, ye committee of the society.

WADSWORTH.

LOWELL, MASS., Jan., 28, '89.

Mr. Taylor, the carpenter, put in an order for a large ball of putty the other day. It did not arrive on time at the carpenter shop though the messenger and the bills both declared that it had been brought from town. What had become of it no one knew until a few days afterward when the cook attempted to slice up a ball of something that had been quietly reposing on ice in the ice chest, when he discovered that a supposed supply of head cheese had better be sent to the carpenter shop.—Hawkeye.

Mumps has broken out among the boys of the Delavan, Wis. Inst. Fifteen are down with it in the hospital. They also have it at the Maryland and Indiana Institutions.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

An Interesting Lecture.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Notes.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Last Friday evening, Dr. Gallaudet gave a very interesting lecture before the students, his subject being "The position which the College has met in Congress." Dr. Gallaudet has been very busy for some time past, watching the progress of the Institution appropriation bill through Congress, and he was therefore unable to prepare with his usual care for his lecture which he, as president of the college, was expected to deliver in the faculty course. The lecture delivered last Friday evening was a substitute for his usual more elaborate effort, and was of such interest that our readers may not be unwilling to peruse a short synopsis of it.

The first opposition of any kind encountered by the college was that to the bill authorizing the conferring of academic degrees by this college in the Senate in 1864. Senator Anthony opposed the bill because, as he thought, it would "rather make the institution ridiculous to give the power to confer literary or scientific degrees;" whereas, he thought, "it would be very proper to give it the power to confer some degree that may be found and invented for the deaf, dumb and blind." The objection was supported by Senator Hale, but through the support of Senators Grimes and Daniel Clark, the bill was finally passed. This was the first and only opposition which the college ever encountered in the Senate of the United States.

Thaddeus Stevens was always a friend of the college, and through his influence the bill permitting students from the States and Territories to enter the college on the same terms as those from the District of Columbia, was passed. He was then Chairman of the House appropriations Committee, and Elihu B. Washburn, who, next to him, was the most prominent member of the committee, was for some reason bitterly opposed to the college. Mr. Stevens was in very bad health, and during his frequent attacks of sickness, Mr. Washburn acted as Chairman of the Committee. Mr. Washburn made a strong effort to defeat the appropriation for this institution, but Mr. Stevens, then very ill, was in carried into the House in a chair, and through his earnest exertions, the bill was passed. He, we believe, never appeared on the floor of the House again. After his death, Mr. Washburn became chairman of the appropriation committee, and for the next two years there was one continued fight. In March, 1869, Mr. Washburn introduced a measure authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to have the deaf of the District educated in one of the state institutions. The measure was amended, so as to permit the education of the deaf, "in the Columbia Institution or some other state institution," but only \$15,000 was appropriated for the purpose. When the bill reached the Senate, it was passed before the friends of the College knew the character of the measure, but at the last moment of the session, Gov. Morrill moved to appropriate \$30,000 for the support of the Institution, and \$17,000 for deficiencies. The motion was made after midnight, when most of the Senators were more than half asleep, and when the President put the question, but one voice answered, "Aye." And Dr. Gallaudet, who was in the gallery nervously watching the proceedings, avers that it was the voice of Representative, Rufus G. Spalding, of Ohio, one of the warmest friends of the college, who had been so disturbed by the danger menacing the college that he had come over to the Senate to learn the fate of the bill. As no opposition was made to the motion, it was declared carried, and thus the institution was saved by the vote of a representative on the floor of the Senate. When the bill came before the House from the Conference Committee, in the hurry of the last moments of the session, the first item of \$15,000 was overlooked, and not stricken out, so the institution received \$15,000 more than was asked for. Next year Mr. Washburn was appointed Minister to France, and Henry L. Dawes took his place on the appropriations Committee. Under him \$94,086 was secured to complete the central building. Mr. Dawes had a short time previously been appointed a director of the institution.

In 1872, an effort was made to induce Congress to appropriate \$70,000 for the purchase of Kendall Green. Gen. Garfield, then Chairman of the House Committee on appropriations, declared that he could never induce his committee to report such a bill favorably, and advised that an item be tacked on one of the general appropriation bills while, in the Senate, Senator Edmunds agreed to do this, but being taken suddenly ill on the day, when the bill was to have been reported, he was unable to keep his promise. Dr. Gallaudet went over to the capitol and had hurried talk with the clerk of the Senate committee on appropriations, an old friend of his. The clerk hearing that Mr. Edmunds favored the measure, wrote it out on a slip of paper and pasted it on the bill, with the remark that "if the com-

mittee did not like it, they might take it off." The members of the committee dropped in one by one and examined the bill, and no one made the least objection to the item for the institution. The bill was reported to the Senate and passed without dissent, and after some skirmishing the bill was accepted by the conference committee and passed in the house.

Since that time, the college has met with very little opposition in Congress. The present attitude of Congress is the most serious danger that has menaced the college for many years. Although the danger is not very great, the college is placed in a serious position, and there is good cause for anxiety. The lecture was one of most absorbing interest, as the faces of all present amply testified. Bursts of applause were frequent—something unusual with deaf-mutes, who rarely applaud, except at the very close of an address.

A writer in the *Silent World*, signing himself "Athos," asks why this college has no Alumni Association, and echoes the suggestion, which we made last year, that steps be taken to form such an association, during the meeting of the National Convention in this city, next June. The advantages of such an association are undeniable, and the close relation into which it would bring the college and its alumni, could not be but beneficial to both. "An united action on the part of the alumni would secure all the brightest graduates of the institutions of the country for the college; would assist in removing the prejudice felt in some quarters against the college; and would contribute a great deal towards securing a better preparation of candidates for admission. But, on the other hand, the formation of such an institution might lead to disagreeable results. In the case of most colleges, the alumni contribute to the support of their *Alma Mater*, and this gives them a right to have a voice in its government. In the case of our college, the Congress of the United States supports the college almost entirely; the alumni contribute nothing; and any unwarranted interference by them with the management of the college would be promptly resented. Complications would probably result, which might far outweigh any of the supposititious benefits which the association would confer. However, we are quite sure that our alumni are as a whole men of sense and discretion, entirely capable of managing the affairs of such an association without running into Scylla on one side or Charybdis on the other. The experiment is well worth trying, and a free discussion *pro* and *con* can do no possible harm. If a meeting of the alumni is to be held during the coming convention, it should be called by graduates not at present connected with the college, and we respectfully suggest that Logan, '69; Parkinson, '69; Greene, '70; Patterson, '70; Hill, '72; and McGregor, '72—any or all of them—would be the proper persons to call such meeting. Then the desirability of such an association could be discussed, and such action taken as the majority might deem proper and desirable. Many years ago, an attempt to form an association was made, but on account of the small number of graduates, it was not successful. We have over one hundred graduates now, and there was never a more auspicious time to found such an association than on this, the quarter centenary of our college.

Mr. Burnes, of Missouri, of the House committee on appropriations, who was to have visited the college a week or so ago, died very suddenly last Thursday from a stroke of paralysis. The occurrence shocked every one, for, as Mr. Burnes was believed to be unfriendly to the college, he had attained some prominence in our eyes, and his sudden death at a time when the action of his committee so seriously menaced the college, was startling. Mr. Burnes was a new man in Congress, and being assigned to so important a committee, he felt it necessary to master every detail of his duty, and his sudden death is the result of over-work.

NOTES.

The president of the college has granted the petition of the students asking that the breakfast hour on Sundays shall hereafter be at 7:30.

The results of the examinations to remove conditions received at the term examinations were rather startling. Only one out of eight succeeded in passing, and this one was a young lady member of the introductory class.

The students of the college—the young ladies included—were photographed in a group on the terrace steps last Thursday, by Regensberg, '90.

The freshmen began reading Cicero last week.

Mr. J. Benedict, of this city, will deliver a lecture before the pupils of the Kendall school next week. His subject will be "My ascent in a balloon."

The students are at work preparing in a systematic manner for the coming gymnasium exhibition, but we fear all the enthusiasm is not shown this year, which has been usual in the past. The club swinging class is quite large, and is making very satisfactory progress, under the instruction of Hemstreet, '89.

The students have begun to pay considerable attention to window-gardening, and several have very

pretty collections of flowering plants. The green foliage of the plants brighten up a room wonderfully, and this result quite repays the trouble which their care entails. One plant which excites a good deal of admiration from the lovers of flowers, is a fine hyacinth, in the possession of Washburn, '90.

Dr. Gallaudet delivered the sermon yesterday afternoon; the general discourse being that every man carries in his bosom the germs of all wickedness, and hence the necessity of the advice "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

The past has been one long week of rain. It has rained almost every day, yet has rained alike on no two distinct days, the monotony of the thing has not been trying as one might have expected.

Jan. 28, 1889.

Iowa Items.

Chess-playing is all the rage at the Jefferson House, Dubuque, Ia. Frank Hemmelder locked horns with two of the best chess-players in the house, and came out with his feathers and colors flying. He has beaten several other parties at the game. He has made many friends at the house. A Catholic priest by the name of Jane is stopping at the house. He is a good chess-player, and your scribe had several games with him.

Last Sunday evening, the deaf-mutes of this city had a social party at Mr. and Mrs. Gus. Levi's. Such parties are of frequent occurrence from which the mutes derive much pleasure.

The following are both deaf and feeble-minded, Albert Albinger, Chas. Reinicke and Miss Barrett, whose homes are here. The two former are at the feeble-minded asylum at Glenwood, Ia., and the latter is kept at home.

Miss Sarah Hamel's father has one of the best flour mills here. Flour that will make good bread is to be desired, and the flour from this mill generally make the best of bread. Her parents have a very nice home, and all her folks are nice people.

The second richest deaf-mute in Iowa, after Mr. Gustave Levi, is Mr. Arnold Kiene, whose father is worth over \$80,000. His father is one of the old settlers here, and has a splendid home. Arnold is now at school at Council Bluffs, Ia., but he must not feel too proud of his good fortune.

James Dorman is a little orphan deaf boy, kept at the Home of the Friendless. He is a smart little fellow, but they have no way to teach him.

The prettiest deaf-mute child here, besides Miss Christie Martin, is little Jennie Callaghan, who is a beautiful child with curly golden hair.

Miss Lena Algeyer's father is one of the best machinists in this city. He is a member and treasurer of the A. O. U. W. society here. Lena works for Miss Driscoll, where she is learning a trade that will make her independent in future.

The Jefferson House is the rendezvous for mutes from other places. Several have already been here, one being Mr. Page, now a book-binder in Chicago. He taught some boys here to talk with the double-hand alphabet.

Mr. Frank Schlager's father has a large dairy farm near here, and supplies the citizens with milk.

Misses Annie Chaloupka and Clara Fuhrman and Mr. Joe Zugenbuecher used to attend the Catholic school for the deaf at St. Francis, near Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Briscoe, a deaf-mute teacher in New Brunswick for seventeen years, stopped here some time ago, at the Page House. His wife is dead, and his two children are in school in Montreal, Canada. His mother is a wealthy lady in London, England, who supplies him with all the money he wants to travel, and see the world. Luck to thee, Mister Briscoe.

The Board of County Supervisors are in session here at present. In their report published in the city papers is found the following in the report of the Overseer of the poor. The deaf and dumb persons receiving poor relief are as follows:

Miss Louisa Mueller,	\$17 00
Onilda Kuntz,	7 00

The following parents of deaf children received poor relief to the amounts set opposite their names:

Mrs. Ottila Kuntz,	\$18 31
" Henry Mueller,	6 08
" Peter Ruback,	48 61
" Ed. Bechow,	90 73
" Matthias Schlager,	3 25
" J. F. Zugenbuecher,	99 38

This was on account of sickness or death of their fathers, and who were unable to provide for their families.

There is a little deaf and blind girl in Jackson County, about twenty-five miles south of here. In case she has a bright mind, she will be educated, and be a wonder in Iowa.

Andrew Clements, of McGregor, Ia., is a master in his work of filling and coloring glass bottles. It is a great surprise to his friends how he can do the work, and do it so accurately. He often gets orders from New York, and he makes from fifty to a hundred dollars a month, and sometimes more. He is a member of the Brotherhood of Bachelors. He supports his mother, as he is the only one left her in her old age.

Next Spring, we will have an electric street railroad here to run up the hill to the western part of the city. It will be of great convenience to working men and the public in general.

Last Saturday, about one hundred teams from Wisconsin came down the river on the ice. This showed that the ice highway on the Mississippi River was all right. N. A. LEBRON. DUBUQUE, IA., Jan. 28, 1889.

COLUMBUS.

The Semi-Annual Examination.

THE FAY SOCIETY.

Suicide of an Uneducated Deaf-mute.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

It is snowing as I write. About two inches have already fallen, but according to present indications, the boys will have to be lively to-morrow to get any fun out of it before it gently fades from view forever.

The event of the week has been the semi-annual examination. Ordinarily, an examination about this time of the year is accepted as a matter of course as in the regular routine of school work, and occasions very little excitement or comment, but in this instance a total departure from the usual precedents was made, and every one was on the tiptoe of expectation alternating between fear and hope—fear that it would be unusually severe, and hope that it would be easy. The outcome proved that those who had any fears, had given themselves unnecessary trouble.

The public prints announced that the examining committee "consisted of fourteen members of the Legislature, and Dr. Sterrett, General Kirby and Fred. Herbst of the Trustees," together with anybody else who chose to be present. But in point of fact none of the "fourteen members of the Legislature" showed up, and of the Trustees, only Mr. Herbst and Dr. Sterrett were able to be present, and the latter for only one day and part of another, professional duties preventing a longer stay. So the examination was conducted by Superintendent Pratt and Mr. Herbst, who deserves special credit for his zeal, with an occasional visitor, who took no part in the work in hand, thrown in by way of variety, except on Friday, which was given, to the articulation classes, when quite a goodly array of visitors were present. The examination commenced on Tuesday and ended on Friday. There are twenty-five classes, each class being examined in succession. Half an hour was given to each of the Primary classes up to the Second Primary. From thereon through the Grammar and Academic Classes, one hour was allotted to each. The pupils are especially pleased with the outcome, and express the wish that all examinations hereafter may be conducted upon the same plan.

Beginning with next Sunday, the hour of holding chapel services will be changed. Instead of being held from 11 to 12, they will begin at 9:45 and end at 10:45 or sooner.

On Thursday evening, Capt. C. M. Lilley, Superintendent of the State Bindery, was married to Miss Kate McConnell, late Principal of the Douglass School in this city. The ceremony was private and was witnessed by only a few relatives and immediate friends, and after congratulations had been extended supper was served. Then Mr. and Mrs. Lilley repaired to their home on east Main Street. Capt. Lilley is sixty-nine years old and lost his first wife by two years ago, but his many friends hope he will be spared many years yet to enjoy his newly-wedded bliss.

Mrs. E. J. Scott is enjoying a visit from her mother and sister at her home on Franklin Avenue at present.

The regular meeting of the Fay was held on Wednesday evening. Messrs. McKeever and John Leib debated the question whether co-education is essential to the welfare of society or not, and John, on the negative side, having the best of the argument, was awarded the victory. Mrs. C. M. Rice recited a poem entitled "The Child at Prayer," in a very satisfactory manner, and S. C. Pier read a short essay on the subject of Flowers. A committee of two was appointed to enquire into the Whearases and Wherefores of the withdrawal of Miss Mary Dundon, and report at the next meeting. At the next meeting, February 13th, Mr. Robert Patterson will deliver a lecture, subject not yet announced, but whatever it is, Mr. P. will know how to handle it, and those who have the good fortune to be present will be abundantly entertained.

On the 23d, what looked to be the deliberate suicide of a sixteen year old boy took place at a Zanesville, O., Bert Adams, a deaf and dumb youth, son of Cantwell Adams, entered a skiff which was moored at the foot of North Street, and, rowing to the middle of the river, deliberately jumped overboard and was drowned. His body was recovered an hour later. He is unknown here, and must have been uneducated.

One of our boys Master C—, being in a desperate hurry the other day to send his brother in Lima two dollars, went to the telegraph office and telegraphed it to him, but on being asked to plank down two dollars and ninety-five cents, his hair stood on end. He paid the money, but next time he will send by postal note or money order, and, as the distance is only thirty or forty miles, it will get there quite as soon.

Speaking of our local players, the *Daily State Journal* of Wednesday has this to say of our Ed.—

Ed Dundon, the well-known pitcher, has added to the fame of our local players. Ed had engagements at Columbus and Indianapolis (American Association), Atlanta (Southern League), Syracuse (International League), and ranks well up among the handlers of the piskins. M. COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 27, 1889.

A Successful Burglar.

HE TELLS IT.

Mother and the girls were quite in ecstasies over the new house. The masculine members of the family were inclined to be dubious as to its advantages. The objection which we had to it was that it was one of a row of eight, all exactly alike, and it was extremely difficult to be sure of the right door.

A week's practice, however, made that all right; ours was the fourth house from the south end of the row; as I walked from the office along the street immediately south of us, I soon became accustomed to taking the exact number of steps, after turning the corner, which would bring me to the door.

Besides the hour at which I came home (I am a proof-reader on a morning paper and my duties usually kept me at the office until after three A.M.) made it necessary for me to carry a latch-key. While I knew that of course our neighbors had exactly the same convenience which we enjoyed, and looked for light to windows in the same portion of exactly similar rooms, and experienced the annoyance of smoky chimneys when the wind was in the particular quarter which affected ours, I did not dream that the houses were so precisely the same that the key of one would unlock the others.

We had lived here about a week when the street-car line near by began running owl cars. This was a boon for me, as it saved me a walk of some length. The car line ran within half a square of the house, being on the next street north of us.

The first night that I rode home I was so sleepy when I got out of the car that I scarcely knew what I was doing. Hitherto the exercise of walking had kept me wide awake until I got into my own room. I managed to unlock the front door, however, and get upstairs, habit making my movements noiseless, as I knew that my mother was easily awakened and did not readily go to sleep again.

The room which I occupied was over the dining-room, the door being nearly opposite to the head of the stairs. Somewhat to my surprise the gas was not burning on the landing; the girls had probably forgotten to light it before going to bed. I groped my way carefully along, and at last reached the door of my room. I entered; it was like the hall, pitch dark. I tried to find the table, on which there should be a lamp, and my hand came in contact with something else. I drew a match from my pocket and struck it. As I held it screened by my hand I saw that the room was a strange one. Suddenly, all was dark; it was not that the match had gone out, but the brain was shadowed; I knew nothing more.

SHE TELLS IT.

I was always rated courageous; I seemed to lack that instinctive fear which causes some to shrink from darkness and loneliness. My brothers and sisters often declared that I would never be frightened; not even, added May, with a shudder, if a burglar were to present himself before me and demand my valuables. These would not tempt any well regulated burglar, being small and of little intrinsic value; but I should not like to lose them, and I had always determined to defend my property stoutly if threatened, providing, of course, that I had sufficient warning of the robber's intentions to enable me to act.

I awoke one morning at that proverbial darkest hour, just before dawn. I had no idea what time it was, as the whole house wrapped in silence and darkness; it is from after events that I am able to say that it was nearly morning. I had started suddenly from sleep, but at first I could not tell what had aroused me. As I lay listening for some sound to follow that which had recalled me from the land of dreams, my thoughts turned instinctively to our next door neighbor, who had been domiciled in the row for about a week.

Nobody knew them, although several of the older residents had spoken of calling upon them—perhaps, for we liked the looks of the ladies and they seemed inclined to the friendly. The men, however, seemed to be home all day and away all night. They were not workingmen—one could see that by their hands, their clothing, their bearing—and we were afraid that they were not just what they should be. We recalled certain gruesome stories of counterfeiters, burglars and other criminals, who settle in respectable neighborhoods, and only excited suspicion by the unreasonable ways which they kept.

Was that a step upon the stairs? I listened more intently, my wandering thoughts recalled from all other subjects. Surely it was, and that out of bed and enveloped myself in a circular which chanced to be hanging on a chair, as I had worn it out in the rain the preceding evening. If I was to receive a burglar, I was determined that the proprieties should not suffer; I would have something on besides my night-dress; while if he went to any other room I could steal along the dark halls to alarm my brothers, and be less noticeable in this dark wrap than in my night-gown.

In spite of my boasted courage, my heart beat very loudly as the step was heard once more, and this time upon the landing just outside my own door. I grasped the poker firmly, however, trying to restore my wonted courage by the pressure of the formidable weapon in my hand. It was a plain, heavy bar of iron, at which the others often laughed, declaring that it must make me tired to rake the fire.

The knob of the door turned slowly and cautiously, and the burglar enters the room. What would he do next? He closed the door as gently as he had opened it, and for a moment seemed undecided. Did he have a dark lantern and a pistol? I could not imagine a burglar without such adjuncts, both of which were unfamiliar objects to me; and I shivered as I thought of the advantage which he would have over me and my poker.

Evidently the dark-lantern was not in working order, however, for he struck a match. The little flame showed me that the opinion we had formed of our new neighbors were not unfounded upon reason—this was one of them. They were certainly a gang of burglars.

He made a step toward the dresser. To reach it he must pass me. He was within reach of my arm. I raised my weapon, and, uttering the loudest scream of which my lungs were capable, I struck him on the side of the head. He fell like a log to the floor. Horrors! I had killed him!

My renewed screams alarmed the house and the others were speedily by my side. I had already lighted the gas and was on my knees beside the man that I had struck, vainly endeavoring to recall life. My assortment of restoratives, I was afterward assured, was sufficient to have received a dozen swooning men.

"What in the world—" began my brother as he appeared upon the scene. He was the first to come to the room. "O, my burglar's come?" I exclaimed, half hysterically, "but I've killed him."

"Wholly unnecessary severity," remarked Tom; "you always overdo the thing. But the man isn't dead."

As if to confirm his words, the burglar just opened his eyes and looked inquiringly around him.

"He looks dazed," I whispered to Tom.

"He has occasion to look dazed if you hit him with your beloved poker," rejoined Tom, pushing me aside and applying restoratives in his turn; "put it where it belongs, and go get me some brandy or whiskey, or something of the kind. We'll have to get this fellow on his feet before we call the police."

"I—I was mistaken, sir," said the burglar in a feeble voice, but with a very decided manner. "I was mistaken in the house. It appears that the same latch-key unlocks both doors, and I got the wrong one."

"Yes, I think you did," rejoined Tom, emphatically, and eying him with suspicion.

The burglar managed to scramble to his feet, although I could see that he was still dizzy from the encounter with my poker. I retired into the closet and held the door shut—that is, very nearly.

"I think you will do me the favor to change your mind about sending for the police," he said, "when I explain I am employed upon a morning paper, and am not through with my work until nearly this hour in the morning. I usually walk home, but I took advantage of the new owl car to-night and went to sleep on my way home, hardly waking up when I got out, and walked the half a block here. I live at 415, and I hope that you will accept my explanation and apologies and allow me to go home to bed. I am very sorry that I have disturbed the lady and probably frightened her."

"It seems to me," said Tom, putting out his hand, "that lady is perfectly well able to take care of herself, and that you ought to know it."

The stranger laughed good-naturedly.

"She tried to beat it into my head, at any rate. But you will convey my apologies to her?"

The two men went down-stairs then and I heard no more. But the blow on our neighbor's head effectually broke the ice between the two families and we became firm friends.

I was married about two years after the episode of the burglar. My husband declares that he is not afraid of the house being entered while he is away, for my fame must have gone abroad; while if, under the supposition that my vigilance relaxed when he chanced to be at home, they should come while he is there, he would be sure of being ably defended.

P. S.—I married a proof-reader on a morning paper.

Sword Blades.

Sword blades are made and tempered so that they will chip a piece out of a stone without showing a nick upon their edges; this information is given by a correspondent who has been through the great sword manufactory of Solingen, Germany. He gives to a Pittsburgh paper a long description of methods used there. The steel, he says, is cut from bars into strips 2 1/2 inches wide, and of the required length, by a heavy cutting machine. These are carried into the adjoining forge room, where each piece is heated white, hammered by steam so that about twenty blows fall upon every part of its surface, and then thrown into a barrel of water. Afterwards these pieces are again heated in a great coke fire, and each goes through a set of rolls, which reduce it to something like the desired shape of the weapon. The rough margins are trimmed off the piece of steel in another machine, and there is left a piece of dirty, dark blue metal shaped like a sword, and ready for grinding. This is done on great stones, revolved and watered by machinery, the workmen having to be the most expert that can be obtained, as the whole fate of the sword is in their hands. It is afterwards burnished on small wheels managed

by boys from twelve to sixteen years old, and when it has been prepared to receive the handles is ready for testing, which has to be done with care. Any fault in the work is charged to the workman responsible for it, and he has to make it good. It is said that any blade which will not chip a piece out of a stone without showing a nick on itself is rejected.—Graphic.

Sight Underneath the Ocean.

At a recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in New York, Prof. A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, described the physical and geological character of the sea-bottom off our coast, especially that which lies beneath the Gulf Stream: "The depths of the ocean teem with life. Sharks are seen by thousands, and countless dolphins; but it seems strange that not a fishbone is ever dredged up. A piece of wood may be dredged up once a year, but it is honeycombed by the boring shell-fish, and falls to pieces at the touch of the hand. This shows what destruction is constantly going on in the depths. If a ship sinks at sea with all on board, it would be eaten by fish with exception of the metal, and that would corrode and disappear. Not a bone of a human body would remain after a few days. It is a constant display of the law of the survival of the fittest. Nothing made by the hand of man was dredged up after cruising for months in the track of ocean vessels, excepting coal clinkers shoveled overboard from steamships. As to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea there has been much dispute. Animals dredged from below seven hundred fathoms either have no eyes, or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding. Another strange thing is, that if the creatures in those lower depths have any color, it is of orange or red, or reddish orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimp and crabs have this brilliant color. Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens inclines toward purple. Not a green or blue fish is found. The orange red is the fish's protection, for the bluish-green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or red fish appear of a neutral tint, and hides it from its enemies. Many animals are black, others neutral in color. Some fish are provided with boring tails, so that they can burrow in the mud. Finally, the surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells, like a sea-beach, showing that it is the eating-house of vast schools of carnivorous animals. A codfish takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks the shells, digests the meat, and spits out the rest. Crabs crack the shells and suck out the meat. In that way come whole mounds of shells that are dredged up."

Wonders of the Dead Sea.

One of the most interesting lakes or inland seas in the world is the Dead Sea, which has no visible outlet. It is not mere fancy that has clothed the dead sea in gloom. The desolate shores, with scarcely a green thing in sight, and scattered over with black stones and ragged driftwood, form a fitting frame for the dark, sluggish waters, covered with a perpetual mist, and breaking in slow, heavy, sepulchral-toned waves upon the beach. It seems as if the smoke of the wicked cities was yet ascending up to heaven, and as if the moan of their fearful sorrow would never leave that God-smitten valley.

It is a strange thing to see those waves, not dancing along and sparkling in the sun as other waves do, but moving with measured melancholy, and sending to the ear, as they break languidly upon the rock, only doleful sounds. This is, no doubt, owing to the great heaviness of the water, a fact well-known, and which we amply verified in the usual way, for, on attempting to swim, we went floating about like empty casks. This experiment was more satisfactory in its progress than in its results, which were a very unctious skin and a most pestiferous stinging of every nerve, as if we had been beaten with nettles. Nor was the water we took into our mouth a whit less vile than the most nauseous drugs of the apothecary.

That fish cannot live in this strong solution of bitumen and salt is too obvious to need proof; but to say that birds cannot fly over it and live is one of the exaggerations of travelers, who perhaps were not, like ourselves, so fortunate as to see a flock of ducks resorting to the water in apparently good health. And yet this was all the life we did see. The whole valley was one seething caldron, under a more than tropical sun. God forsaken and man forsaken, no green thing grows within it, and it remains to this day as striking a monument of God's fearful judgments as when the fire from heaven devoured the once mighty cities of the plain.—*Missionary Herald*.

The population of the United States continues to increase at an astonishing rate, and it is estimated that in place of 50,155,683 in 1881, the census of 1890 will show a population of over 70,000,000. An increase of more than 20,000,000 in ten years necessarily means a great addition to the railway mileage of the country, and is unquestionable evidence that railway building must still continue with great vigor in order to keep pace with the growth of population. Although foreign immigration continues very large, it is greatly surpassed by the increase in the native-born population;

the estimates based on the annual arrivals indicating that out of a probable increase of 20,246,000 inhabitants in the ten years ending in 1890, only 5,737,000 will be foreign immigrants.

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE REV.
Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet,
the first great Educator of the Deaf in America.

Prepared on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Celebration, December, 1887.

A biographical sketch on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Celebration, December, 1887, by
REV. HENRY W. SYLE, M.A.,
With numerous illustrations engraved by WM. R. CULLINGWORTH—32 pages—36 engravings.

This is not a reprint of the "Retrospect" but an entirely new work, written expressly for the occasion.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.
As Frontispiece there is a very large and fine portrait, of Dr. Gallaudet, with autograph. Others are Mrs. Sophia F. Gallaudet, "Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, D.D.," "President Edward Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D.," "Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, M.D.," two portraits, "Alice Cogswell, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney," "The Abbe de l'Epee," "The Abbe Sicard," "Jean Massieu," "Laurent Clerc," (the four last from old French portraits) "Lewis Weld," "Harvey P. Poet, LL.D.," "David E. Bartlett, Rev. William W. Turner, Ph.D.," "Samuel Porter."

VIEWS.

"The House in Prospect Street, Hartford, occupied as the first school for the Deaf, 1817, American Asylum, Hartford, in 1821 and 1857," "Paris Institution, from an original painting lent by Rev. Dr. Clerc, St. Ann's Church, New York, Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes," "Columbia Institution, 1887," "The Kendall Cottage," "Chapel of National Deaf-Mute College, interior view," "Silver Pitcher and Salver presented to Dr. Gallaudet by the Deaf, Monuments to Gallaudet and Clerc, Bas-relief on Gallaudet Monument."

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in alphabetical order, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at C. A. of San Francisco, President; Theodore Grady, Vice-President; Moses I. Aronson; Secretary; Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer; Henry J. McCoy; Librarian; Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday evening of each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 323 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Moses I. Aronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday evening of each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 323 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m., in St. Paul's Parish house, entrance on Jay Street. Its officers are: President, W. F. Shank, 1st Vice-President, C. F. Mull; 2d Vice-President, Philip Sharkey; Treasurer, C. H. Sparrow; Secretary, M. R. Palmer. All business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, whose address is 233 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Its regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third and last Thursday, while its business on the Thursday of each month.

ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object intellectual and social improvement of its members. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 122 West 5th Street, on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors can be invited by members. The President is Ardine Rembeck, and Mr. Chas. Thomas, Secretary, 406 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

The purpose of the Society is principally of a social improvement, and to keep the needy in our class. The officers' special meeting holds every fortnight, and the members' meeting comes every month at Alpha Hall, No. 18 Essex Street, until further notice. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Frank C. Davis; Vice-President, Miss Bertha G. Peterson; Secretary, Mrs. George A. Holmes; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank W. Bigelow; Executive Committee, Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, Mrs. Wm. Rudolph. For information and communication, address to the Secretary, Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes, Rockland Street, Brighton, Mass.

DEAF-MUTES UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse, the former students of the Institution for the Deaf, and the students of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and the President is John Adolph Pfeiffer. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, Samuel Frankheim, 531 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Meetings, the first and third Sunday of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr is President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Fulton Street, or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

EASTON ASSOCIATION.

Meets every Thursday evening at 220 North Third Street, below Bushkill Street, at 7:30 P.M. Its object is of a diversified character and covers a wide scope. Visitors always cordially welcomed. Edw. J. Carr is President, 208 Ferry Street; C. Delory, Vice-President; Samuel Price, Treasurer; Alex. H. Smith, Secretary. Address, 220 North Third Street, Easton, Pa. Residence, 310 Bushkill St.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the "Cambridge Deaf-Mutes") holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's clergyman appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome. Literary exercises once a month. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1888 are: President, Wm. Bee, President; Robert Dockharty, Vice-President; A. W. Orcutt, Secretary; E. Duran, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave, Librarian.

GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie White, President, Bennington; Yarnum B. Wright, Secretary, Nashua; Willie A. Deering, Treasurer, Pittsfield.

HOBOKEN DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The object of the above organization is to promote the Social intercourse of its members. Only deaf-mutes of Hudson County can become members. For the purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, George T. Dougherty; Vice-President, Geo. D. Hunter; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Leo. Frouin; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. J. Gill; Trustees, George T. Dougherty and A. N. Merrill. Secretary's address is No. 901 Biddle Street.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago Deaf-Mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and their friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas "step by step." The officers are: C. C. Collins, President; J. K. Watson, Vice-President; J. J. Kleinhans, Secretary and Treasurer. Secretary's address is 853 N. Clark St.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at 919 Olive Street, Room 12, 3d floor, in the Empire Building. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, George T. Dougherty; Vice-President, Geo. D. Hunter; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Leo. Frouin; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. J. Gill; Trustees, George T. Dougherty and A. N. Merrill. Secretary's address is No. 901 Biddle Street.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in St. Charles Borromeo's school building, 23 Sidney place, near Livingston Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. President, J. P. Donnelly, 102 Broadway, Brooklyn. Secretary pro tem, J. W. Lyons, 60 Berkeley Place, Brooklyn.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every other Saturday evening. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are President, J. M. Whitebeck; First Vice-President, Secretary, J. L. Connors; Second Vice-President, H. Burr; Treasurer, James C. Ritter, and Sergeant-at-Arms, C. Bass. It has also a Bible Class at the Guild room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the regular meetings. For business meetings, the Secretary's address is N. S. Vedder's Pattern Works, Troy, N. Y.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now offered by Oscar Kinsman, of Providence, R. I., President; John T. Keefe, of Bellows Falls, Vt., Vice-President; Geo. C. Sawyer, of Chelsea, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Directors: For Massachusetts, John T. Tillinghast, of Andover, Mass.; for New Hampshire, W. E. White, of Bennington, N. H.; for Maine, Hiram P. Hunt, of Gray, Me.; for Vermont, W. B. Streeter, of Bellows Falls, Vt.; for Rhode Island, John F. Donnelly, of Woonsocket, R. I. For any information, write to the Secretary, 36 Orange St., Chelsea, Mass., with stamp enclosed for reply.

THE NEW JERSEY LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, Rector Street, near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Cotter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, Charles J. Jastram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edgar Jastram. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Jastram, No. 9 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of the Salem Baptist Church. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evening. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) for the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1888 are: Hardy P. Chapman, President; Mrs. Persis S. Bowden, Secretary; Henry A. Chapman, Treasurer; and Samuel Hamilton, and George Strout, Directors.

THE SICARD CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. The members meet in the basement of the Cathedral, Washington Street, at 4 o'clock P.M., every Sunday. This Association, being a branch of the De l'Epee C. D. M. A., has the same rules, and gives the same advantages. All communications should be addressed to Mr. J. J. McNeill, President pro tem, Commercial Street, Dorchester, Mass.

THE BAY STATE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and temporal welfare of the deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to give aid to friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

TOUSLEY SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Tousley Society meets every Sunday at 10:30 A.M., at 70 East Seventh Street. Its object is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: Matthew McCook, President; J. F. Riley, Secretary; Fred Grant, Treasurer. Lectures, or lectures and story telling, may be held on any week evening by a vote. Strange deaf-mutes of good habits in general are cordially invited to make themselves at home. The Secretary's address is 70 East 7th Street, St. Paul, Minn.

THE KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Kansas City Deaf-Mute Literary and Debating Society hold their meetings every second Saturday, at residences of its members. The object of the society is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: John R. Laughlin, President; Edward Paxton, Vice-President; Mrs. Annie Greeley, second Vice-President;